

ANARCHISTS MILD AS LAMBS

CHASED FROM PLACE TO PLACE BY THE VIGILANT POLICE.

Their Headquarters Were Shifted with
Amazing Rapidly—The Men Who Are
Masquerading as Starving Workmen
Exhibited in Their True Light as Cow-
ardly Ranters—Superintendent Byrnes,
It Is Believed, Will Put a Stop to Law-
less Proceedings When He Returns.

Those who lost their breath yesterday pursuing the headquarters of the social revolution from one of its rallying points to another commenced naturally at the spot where the now famous "Battle of Kags" between Landlord Batt and Landlord Fliegman and the outbreak of Anarchy simultaneously began.

These, it will be remembered, are the two ingenious vendors of diluted beer who hoped to advertise their respective halls, the second by having his hall "wrecked" to the amount of \$13 by red-handed insurgents against his inflexible rule of payment in advance for such commodities as he deals in; the first by conciliating such insurgents with largesse of red herrings saltier than any sea that herring of any color or variety ever swam in.

Both these enterprising speculators in the enthusiasm, pro and con, of the social revolution were only visible this morning—but the desertion of Anarchy was evident in both their "halls." Herr Fliegman, with no other customers than his two body-guarding policemen, sat, shirt-sleeved as of yore, in his lonely doorway and regaled infrequent callers with fresh variations of his appalling tale of havoc—illustrated once in a while by repeated exhibitions of his unglazed mirror and his amputated legs of chairs.

The only thing that seemed to alleviate Herr Fliegman's woe was the rumor current in the neighboring decayed-watermelon-cast-off-shoe-and-stale-fish bazaars, of which Orchard Street largely consists, that his hater rival, Herr Batt, had lost heavily—some said, incredulously, as much as \$3.75—by granting to the Anarchists the refuge he had himself frugally refused.

When an extraordinarily daring romancer, who preferred to remain anonymous, (a standing rule among the informers of the east side social revolution,) announced that Emma Goldman had put a finishing touch to her career of devastation by borrowing \$5 of Herr Batt, the clouds that intensified the darkness of Herr Fliegman's swart face broke in a sunny smile.

"Dot yoost serve dot vellar right!" remarked the comforted Fliegman. "He knows dot I vas going to get marry, und he dake my vater-in-law-dot-vas-to-be's trade away by handing out der ret harring mit der peer! Ret harring!" and Herr Fliegman's nose did marked violence to its original configuration by turning itself up. "Ret harrings! Wo komt dot ret harring by? Wo?" And the honest fellow's voice of fine scorn dwindled to a whisper. "Yoost you dell me, who found him some bones mit dose ret harring?"

It was evident, if not clear how or why, that this question was regarded by Herr Fliegman as a centre hit at the expense of Herr Batt. The matter of their osteological condition, apparently, had something to do with the authenticity of those thirst-provoking fish. For, as the reporter left, he heard Herr Fliegman still muttering:

"Who found him some bones mit dose ret harring?"

Parenthetically, throughout all these east side saturnalia of revolution and conflagration, the twin red spectres of advertising and business competition seem to run riot on their own account. Beyond all question it was a mere ordinary business controversy in the beer interest between the Herren Batt and Fliegman that revived the drowsy thirst of Anarchy on the east side. And now that the fun has begun, at every turn one runs into somebody who sees the wisdom of turning the situation, at slight expense, to immediate advantage and ultimate profit.

For example, on the front of Pythagoras Hall—a time-stained structure in Canal Street, where the drouthy votaries of No-Government-at-all-for-Anybody made their last stand yesterday—was a huge placard—some ten feet high by six wide—which read as follows:

OLD PYTHAGORAS
GOING INTO BUSINESS.
The great Grecian philosopher, Pythagoras, the patron of this hall, getting tired of the dancing and merry-making that has been going on in this building for the last quarter of a century,
Resolved, To put a stop to it by turning it into a more useful and profitable business, and so inspired the well-known and enterprising clothiers, — of — Street, to get possession of this building and make it the largest and finest clothing business in the city.

In spite, however, of thus recommending themselves to the well-dressed, watch-bearing proletariat, the "well-known and enterprising clothiers" had taken the precaution to collect their rent for the meeting in advance.

Herr Batt did not remain long to survey the emptiness of his hall deserted, from which all, apparently, but himself, dark-eyed and sharp-tongued Mrs. Batt, and five lodgers (apparently insufficiently acquainted with the modern improvements of Orchard Street to know where their landlord's bathtub was situated) had precipitately fled. So he in turn vanished in a cloud of unusual silence, leaving his post to Mrs. Batt, who, pressed as to the Goldman rumor, sniffed with as much haughtiness as might become a lady Anarchist at the mention of the name of a leading petroleuse, and said she "didn't know" and she "didn't care anything about it," and thereafter inflexibly held her peace.

It was clear that an iron of some variety had entered into her soul.

It was, indeed, very hard to get upon the track of the energetic brewers' friend with the strangely capitalistic name, who aspires to be the Louise Michel of East Broadway and its environs. To find her was to find the very centre of the Social Revolution, for at present the Social Revolution is confined to an idiotic rush of Polack and Russian peddlers and cabbagers and bushelmen in pursuit of the not very fair but decidedly fleeing Emma. In such demand is she in Social Revolutionary circles as the "wife" of "the man that was sent away for murder," (so goes the east-side phrase,) that beer-selling bomb prescribers compete fiercely for the lucrative privilege of harboring her.

The fact of the matter is that men like Herren Batt and Fliegman are moved to their various treatments of Anarchy and their Emma-Goldman harboring, and all that both imply, by the refulgent example of Reformer Justus Schwab. Reformer Schwab was almost starving when it occurred to him to cultivate Anarchy and get martyred—otherwise, clubbed by the police. His canonization took place at the almost forgotten Tompkins Square riot.

Having been copiously fustigated by the police, he became not merely a saint but an archangel in the calendar of the Anarchistic east side. His beer (for he took naturally to beer selling) and his abuse of

the police ran from that day to this in increasing volume. He is now a very rich man. He owns a great deal of plutocratic real estate. He controls several saloons. And the first minute one of them is threatened with disorder he sends to the nearest station house and asks for help from the police.

Rebuffed, as to information, by her former hosts, the reporter for THE NEW-YORK TIMES resumed a weary pilgrimage in pursuit of Our Lady of Universal Destruction and her untiring following, the Social Revolutionists. The great trouble with the Social Revolution yesterday was that, while it still survived, it was exceeding hard to locate. At one moment it was heard of as breathing fire and violence in Allen Street, under the droppings of Second Avenue elevated railroad engines. Pursued thither, one only came across a nomad tribe of pack peddlers, and learned that it had just broken out near Third Avenue, in Canal Street. From Canal Street, near Third Avenue, at five minutes' notice it vacated the premises to bob up again more or less serenely somewhere near the Grand Street Ferry house.

The mobility of the headquarters of the No-Government-at-all Party of the east side was even more remarkable than that of the administration of the Paris Commune. Wherever one went in search of it one was usually too late on the scent of its garlic-laden and mephitic breath. In the language of the false gathering-cry of the Orchard Street and Hester Street clans, it had just been "dispossessed" and thrown out on the sidewalk by a stronger power than that of Mayor's Marshal.

From several refuges, for the temporary use of which rent had been paid in some shape or another—and in advance—the hapless reconstructors of society were constantly thrust, painfully and reluctantly, into the fresh air and bidden to scatter.

All this was accomplished by the police, who, instead of illustrating by their brutality any of the vituperation of their victims, simply hustled them into flight without a blow.

Each hegira was watched with a pathetic curiosity by the onlookers. Italian fruit dealers barely looked up to see them sneak past in search of a new roost. Chinamen exchanged incomprehensible jests. Truck drivers, *en passant*, complimented them with ribaldry. Respectable, property-owning German Israelites, who had been living for scores of years in the quarter of which they have taken violent possession, dealt in violent oburgation.

"I think," said one of these, "that all this talk of a riot has been started in the interest of the 'glass-put-in' trade down here. There'll be a corner in window glass if it ever really breaks out, and these fellows in turn will become capitalists, too."

A discreet Italian, coaxed to give his views on the subject, shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I doana know a ting about-a desea fella," he said simply. "Tey no buy fruita. Tey picka dem out da gutta."

Nobody had a good word for them as the doleful, dirty procession flitted from place to place.

And yet there was something really pathetic in what may be called the homelessness of these poor, ignorant, unwashed, unkempt, childish semi-savages. The scared and cringing look of a frightened child sat upon all their greasy, sooty faces. At sight of a policeman they huddled together uneasily, and when the officer spoke, with a feigned rather than a real gruffness, they fairly bounded to obey.

The education conveyed by the whips of Cossack sotnias in their unpaternal fatherland had, clearly, been well beaten into the poor catiffs. The smart of cruel scourgings, continued through centuries had given to them hereditary and congenital traits which came into action at the very mention of the word "police"—that word made hateful, hideous, merciless in its meaning by immemorial floggings.

When the Sergeant in charge of a platoon of officers sang out his orders—usually in a mellifluous brogue and with nothing worse than a mere official semblance of ferocity—they shuddered like a pack of dogs at the sinister crack of a thong.

Had Verestchagin been on the spot and allowed for the difference in costumes and accessories, he could have composed these east side conclaves of his fellow-subjects into masterpieces of Siberian penal servitude.

"We've had 'em on the jump all day," remarked a burly and disgusted policeman of the Broadway squad, as he wiped his forehead and made up for the loss of his lunch with a fresh quid of tobacco. "We've had 'em on the jump all day, and I'll bet a dollar they'll sleep well to-night when they get to bed."

But the stout policeman of the Broadway squad said it with an uncontrollable show of irritation. There is a vast difference, to be sure, between helping dainty dames get out of the way of the vehicles on Broadway, on the one hand, and the chasing of a flock of bleating Anarchist sheep from one rallying point to another. It is not so much that all Anarchists may be reasonably suspected of being—and, therefore, dangerous of contact—bomb carriers. It is the moral certainty that the aura of typhus fever and the scales of smallpox lurk as privily in their garments as they do themselves within the skirts of society.

It is a cynical comment on the professions of "poverty" and "starvation" and "homelessness" put forward by these fugacious and migratory "reformers" that they began their work bright and fresh and with the renewed vigor that follows and comes of hearty breakfasting. When they assembled to renew the curious hurrying from "hall" to "hall" to hear "resolutions" that led to nothing and "preambles" that recited preposterous "economic truisms" and orations against capital that were meant to be and, for that matter, were actually taken only in a Pickwickian sense, it was as respectable and as matter-of-fact a piece of business as the morning gathering of a shopful of artisans to begin anew the labors of the day.

Nearly every man wore good clothes—filthy and greasy, it is true, but filth and grease are merely badges of their tribe. Every man wore a shirt that had once been clean, though it was by this time unspeakably foul, but every shirt had its appropriate collar and cuffs.

The collarless Anarchist or Socialist is, by the way, an outrageous and scandalous fiction. The Social Revolutionist is entitled, at least, to the credit of undermining society with proper neck gear and, in some instances, with effective pinch-beck jewelry to enhance his charm.

Everybody evidently had been refreshed by a good night's sleep. Suppose he had, at the same time, the air of having slept with all his clothes on, including his hat. That is nothing. Others than Anarchists have done the same thing. Besides, it is a national trait of the revolutionary Russkij and the society-reforming Polak that he "turns in all standing," as the sailor's phrase goes.

It was another significant fact that, in compliance with a familiar prudential maxim—and a maxim particularly appropriate just now in an atmosphere of "starvation" and "homelessness"—several of the more shrinking and relatively respectable-looking Anarchists had really prepared for a rainy day. They carried umbrellas. About one in every twenty did this, and the umbrellas had, in many instances, handles that at least looked like gold and silver.

But neither did these signs of opulence nor the sight of numbers of gold and silver chains disturb the unanimity of the outcry against capital.

That, after all, is the summing up of everything said and done at these meetings. As soon as they are organized, speakers are invited to the platform from the audience. The tap of "jargon" is turned on, and the vague, conventional abuse of "capital" and "police" goes on until the police turn up, with unfailing and provoking punctuality, to clear out the "hall" and send the "meeting" to begin all over again elsewhere.

One of the most characteristic decampings of the social revolution was from "hall" in Stanton Street. There had been hardly enough of forced "adjournments" to make the revolutionary tailors and bushelers and cabbagers leg weary by the time they reached the Stanton Street Station on their enforced itinerary. Every speaker assailed the familiar topic on a scale of vehement crescendo. The excel-

lently-realistic impersonation of an "outraged Amerikanischer vorkman" by the gentleman with a russet complexion and a pug nose (authentically identified as a brother "copper" by the police) had moved Anarchists, perhaps equally sincere, to frantic applause. Everything was going along swimmingly. All at once the door opened, and Capt. Devery, with an assumption of truculence almost as clever as the Anarchists' own, led six Broadway policemen into the "hall" and ordered the "meeting" to begin once more its leather-destroying round of "adjournment."

Everybody, impelled by his hereditary, congenital terror of the Cossack whip, tumbled over his neighbor in flight from this sixfold invasion of giants. Four hundred crinkly-bearded, red-eyed, squashed-faced men of indeterminable age, in greasy frock coats, battered derby hats, and a uniformity of dirt, fled as if in a gust of onions and garlic before three pairs of ordinary, everyday New-York policemen.

"Bah!" complained a broad-shouldered fellow as he wiped his shoe after helping half a dozen Anarchists down stairs with one of the feet of Hercules, "there's a more fight in two old women on Cherry Hill when they fall to arguing which is the finest county in Ireland—Kerry or Connaught—than there is in a thousand of these fellows. They ought to drop this business and take up sprinting."

The actual situation, beyond all question, of so-called Anarchy in New-York, as ascertained by the reporter for THE NEW-YORK TIMES, is this:

The east side is densely populated by aliens who not only have no sympathy with, but absolutely no comprehension of, our form of government. They come here saturated with constitutional prejudices against all authority. They regard, through painful and long-drawn experience, the sight of all uniform as the sign of a cruel foe. They are out of work, but not starving. Their present mode of life is the luxury of Sybaris compared with that which they left behind them in Russia. Most of them do not understand a word of English. Those who do really do not know the actual significance of what they say. Time hangs heavily on their hands, and they tramp around like children after a wandering mountebank to hear the desperate-talking, firebrand-flinging poltroons of the Goldman kind, every newspaper allusion to whom is an increment of her detestable value, because each makes her more notorious and more an object of curious interest.

Business is not in the least disturbed—but simply annoyed—in the neighborhood in which treasonable talk intrudes upon honest trade. The most blood-curdling utterances of Goldman and her crew do not wake a single echo around the corner.

Yesterday, while a strong force of police was lying *perdu* near Pythagoras Hall, in case of need, and probably 2,000 perspiring flygobblers of Russian nationality were waiting for Goldman, wagons went on their way, women and children pursued their course, shopping thrives briskly under the very eaves of the "hall," and an exploding bomb would have destroyed hundreds of innocent lives, none, as a matter of fact, more really innocent than the great majority of the flygobblers who packed the hall.

At the same time, just as it was during the premonitory times in Chicago, while the Anarchists themselves are a sad, a sorry, and a silly lot; while their united efforts at social revolution would not so much as shorten the beat of a single policeman or postpone his relieving hour by a single moment—in spite of all this, there is a real and imminent danger.

The boys and callow youths of the Russian-Jewish quarter, weaned on the pestiferous milk of Nihilism and dynamite throwing, long insanely to demolish law and order and the police, as American boys and youths long, with equal insanity, to go out West and kill Indians. There are pamphlets sold and bought and devoured on the east side that deal with policeman-killing and Governor-shooting and Judge-assassination, as the novels of Ned Buntline used to deal with the Comanche and the road agents of fiction. On this base and poisonous diet the hatchet-faced, pimply, saw-toothed, rat-eyed young men of the Russian-Jew colony feed full.

Their ideal hero is the man who killed a Czar. Their ideal heroine is the Jewess who killed the Chief of the hated Third Section of the St. Petersburg police. The same craze which fortifies their murderous co-religionists for the gallows at home stirs a kindred impulse to assassinate and be famous in America.

It is a stage fever that animates them to play leading parts in real tragedies—not mock ones.

On these depraved, diseased, diabolical natures the appalling nonsense of creatures like Goldman falls like alcohol on a kindling flame. Intoxicated by the hysterical shrieks of such monsters, born to infect and endanger society, these young Russian Jews of Orchard Street and Hester Street and Allen Street are ready to go out upon the streets like a Malay drunk on bang or an elephant mad with musth and run amuck.

There are some twenty of these wretches, many of them well known and easily recognized even in their own crowded quarters, who spend their time drinking in the virulence of Goldman and her kind. Some of them have been very busy during the week coquetting with the glorious martyrdom of going to jail. None of them is over twenty-five years of age. They are atrociously hideous, atrociously ignorant, atrociously cruel. Their faces are the faces not of wild beasts, but of malignant reptiles. They have not got the courage of the tiger, but they have the desperate agility, the incurable sting of the puff adder.

They are of the same sort and class as Lingg, who cheated the hangman in Chicago by chewing a fulminate cartridge in his cell the night before the morning appointed for his execution; as Berckman, who stole behind Chairman Frick in Pittsburgh and tried to reach his heart by shooting him through the back.

Should a bomb ever be thrown in New-York—and it may be thrown to-morrow—it will be thrown from an ambushade by one of these internationally-pestiferous young criminals.

If Inspector Byrnes were on deck," said a Grand Street merchant of the highest class, as he observed some of these miscreants sneaking in the train of a "meeting," "he would stop this in a minute. There would be no fooling with Goldman and the others of her provocative crew. He would land every mother's son and daughter of them in jail, and let their poor, ignorant, barbarous dupes go with a wholesome warning."

When the city's water supply was imperiled, the first recourse was had to the sources of supply. To put an end to the flow of the poisoned well of Anarchy, all that is necessary is to fill up the springs.

When Superintendent Byrnes returns, so it is understood, he will at once proceed on this theory.